

1900

Atkinson, Caroline

Susan Hale

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Jan 8. 1900

Cara Carolina mia,

Why don't you and Louisa
start off and go to Mexico by
Jmuelors? I enclose this letter
from Louis Church about a
guide; and I have seen the
barrens here, and they say Mexico
is much improved as to hotels
and sanitary matters. Observe
this Collins being colored only
means, doubtless, that he has
some Aztec ^{and} blood, (not "nigger.")
like Ingersoll, in fact I believe
President Diaz himself. \$6.00
Mexican Cant for more than three
dollars of our money - I wish you
would go though I should hate
not to be with you, but I shall
none the less give it up -
I am coming to Boston on
the 17th and meant to go directly
to the Abbotsford, where I am taking

for a month or six weeks I
have none, but Mrs Wells
wants me to make her ^{first} a white
kit at 375 Beacon Street, and
I can't very well refuse as it
has been on the stocks a long
time. I shall be sure to keep
seeing you until you go away, and
I'm dying to have you a white doll
I mean to send to Elizabeth
Raffles to live in that top room
over baby house I took such
a fancy to in San Francisco.
The doll is about 3 inches
high, and I am making its clothes,
shoes, stockings, bonnet, coat, mitts
&c.

I keep thinking of the poor
dear British women in their
beret state. What will they do! —
I must cease to write. We have
been very quiet till since New Year
but now we are on a regular racket

Phonetic so in my behalf, — a bunch & say, —
Quiver, and a "Club" afterwards. —
What these people do!

49 Westland Street
Westford Conn.
Monday.

Happy New Year, quite everything.
49 Woodland St. Haltham Conn. Jan 1. 1900.

Dearest Carry, Why are you
pursued by these terrible things!
One after another. This dreadful;
I got your telegram first, and
the letter only just now; and
was very anxious for the
explanation. Poor May, how
can she bear it. Yes, indeed,
I love Mr Williams for his great
kindness and discretion, with
me especially, about the Homestead.
By the way, do you note that
it has gone down from $75\frac{1}{2}$ to $70\frac{1}{2}$ -
I don't think there is anything alarming,
meanwhile, if we had sold at $75\frac{1}{2}$ and
picked it up again at $70\frac{1}{2}$ we should
have made \$4.50 on every share in less
than two weeks. But I don't be monkeying.

a kind correspondent expected it. They have
changed her to a different house where they had
bathrooms for seven. grade (of intelligence) during
the fall, it may not be the case for a long time -
Just the same with Randolph Perkins here -
over 94, deaf, helplessly quarrelsome, making a
fine he nurse & for little story, but holding on
a life like a dog & a true - Truly the way
I think are inevitable - And it fine
about Harriet - and undoubtedly, not bad
that face your mortgage money. So sorry for
you for Bill. When two only, one for \$9.00, the
other for fifteen cents. Guess you stand it - do keep
the children from this for we can't take the trouble now. I shall
be in town soon after for coming home

This is no kind of a letter, I
write only to tell you how sorry
I am for them and for you, poor
dear, and wish I could be with
you right away. Also, to enclose
this from Louisa Schuyler which
comes same mail with yours. She
is kind and nice, isn't she -
who was the lady, & seems to me
reminiscent about Aunt Mary Ann.
John William's Aunt Isabella -
I answered Louisa Schuyler, and
may another letter, and got ink
on me, and must do my hair
before luncheon.

But I'll tell you a fool-stuff -
Lucy and Jane playing with the
Poetry-Cure, have you heard about
it? alternate brachy and Kissingen
spoke on brachy, and as I found
I was weighing 185 when I left town

concluded to try it. For late it, it makes you feel
all clear headed, light and airy, and capable
of font. So, after a week of it, I published in
tip toe, feeling feather-light, drove from and floated
in a bubble's shop after noon dressed after
a week's soles. It seems they weigh nothing
in Kathol. I stepped agile-some on the board,
the weight went from into a click -- 1871! So
I've gained two pounds instead of losing ten -
Buckner those fitting & begin but 190 pounds
the year 1900, (which is much, for is mind is
not yet the 19th century!)
As for her Lucia, Louisa's information was a
good much. She is much gone down, respectable
to me, not at intervals; usually "an inert man," as

221 Newbury Street

February 7. 1900.

Dear Abby. Here is your most
delicious first letter which the Good
Child sends me. It makes me nearly
wild. I hate those two women up in
my Bag. I want Mr. Hawes to put
poison in front of them when they come
down. I dare say you are awful
cheerful with these nasty things. Tom
Cuddles, his father; there's an awful
moral connected with his fate. I
fear it's just as well - I've just
been writing Daisy that ^{Cuddles'} ~~her~~ daily
attractiveness was ^{due to} not being a lady
and then she went and was. So
now she is no more - Oh! flowers
in the garden, lots of vegetables, Ranch
House all painted up bright! Fire if
you need it in your settling room! And
me just sitting here with my Bark
and Bile. I am however much better -

Lost 8 pounds in that week in bed, by the same scales. That's a good thing as I still weigh 179. — I have begun to go ahead, feeling however that wotly that whenever I see a chance to sit down I do so.

My rooms are very pleasant, and yesterday was a delicious dream of spring rally. I bought some California violets and pinned them on to myself amongst the fur. This afternoon I am to go and meet the man who invented wild animals, that is Mr Ernest Seton Thompson and Mrs Ernest Seton Thompson at May Windsor. Write tell you about them in my next. May Davis has got back to Syracuse at last. She says it's ghastly dull and I cheer her, she wants me to go there, and I probably shall in March when I break up here before going to Matamoras.

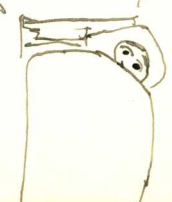
But I cannot write any more, for I feel like an owl, and besides I must go out. Perhaps something will happen and then I can tell you about it. This morning I heard that I am as quiet as the grave. I suppose we think that I am by must be dumb. There is no "padding", — at night not a sound. In the morning William Chase was coming out and I was just off the side walks (which I was not) and I was back again and occasionally a dog runs along with the army horse and comes out again. The back view is more interesting, I am my partner, & the cats there holding along the Calais tops of their fences. At the rear of Connecticut Ave. and I see costs sitting down and cooking. Now, how I made my state differently today? Always have

Adeline

6 Commonwealth Avenue -
 Monday March 12, 1900
 Not address
 Thorndun, Syracuse, New York.

Dearest Caroline and other dears,
 Wonderful things have happened
 and are happening, so cuddle up round
 and get your sewing things and listen
 to what I may see fit to relate. ~~I have~~ I have
 been spinning round in this dreak
 and heavy town so that I could not
 write, but now in this blissful Haven
 I expand like a Cherokee Rose -
 To begin with I've left the Pussy
 Cats at 225 Newbury Street, and very
 tired I came of them they were so
 attached to me, and rubbed round my
 legs going up and down stairs. But no
 matter about them. On Friday last
 I packed my well known trunk and
 Aupl, and drove down here with the
 latter. Miss Mary let me in, but
 her eyes were big as saucers. Mr
 Charles was at home in bed with
 the Grippe. Rose was in bed with
 the Grippe, a very nice nurse was
 in attendance, God forbid that I should
 be able to tell her name and Dr Pickery
 was looking after them all -

it's good for him & these four boys
 the Chinese say something (of the
 'it's a clock'! 'My bed time', says I - and in both made for me
 'I've started at my basket - it was my half past eight! -
 but with time for good Christians & it is bed. - There was what
 all you any more about that, but other things & Carolina the letter.
 I went to Cambridge & spent the night with my dear Charles's mother,
 at her request to spend. They were so pleasantly hard by the hands,
 and incidentally my plan was to hold Daisy, Maud and ^{Charles} ~~Charles~~ late
 & Maud, who is so separated as putting her in. So after late
 breakfast I went round & Daisy's - Maud is (late) in bed with little
 but I demanded & it taken & she, so that she might see me
 and she did, though this was all. I could see when
 what a pretty house it is. Mrs Ward was dressed in
 her white mind and a very pretty wrap, and had some
 to say about how good I have been & the child, which I do hear
 is nothing by Charles and I saw the two cats, and Daisy's pretty nose
 and all the pretty ornaments she has made & the house she



"In Heaven's sake" said I; "I had best depart, has my trunk come yet?" But Mary begged me to stay, and so I did, and I'm sure it was a good plan because now I can tell you all exactly how it is, and hasten to do so. That was Friday. Charles was already much better, and on Saturday he not only wanted to see me, but was well enough to dress and come down to join sitting. Now when we had a nice talk. This thing some compound epidemics that every one has got, just like my attack, only his is not real bronchitis, only just a violent cough in his throat. Rose had not cough, only general bone-ache and some fever, but I hasten to say she is up and dressed this morning, though she hadn't ought to be, she is weak, and I shall make her (!?) go back to bed. The nurse, I understand is to leave today, for there is no further need of her. She is very nice. Bourne is her name, visited by Mrs Freeman, she has been in her house on some occasion. When Charles has seen her previous to that and strangle to say, he allows her to come near him.

Now, dear, there are the plain unvarnished facts; and you are not to worry, because in one really out of the world's row, though Charley is not out of the three yet, and must stay in - soon, as he fully recovers himself, in fact. I guess he feels pretty shabby, I guess he must, for it is a sign of the attack & the weak as he. Now Freeman was here on Friday afternoon and the explanation of matters true; I am sure she has been deceived from the start. I was a week & a day that Charley took & his bed, and that he is constantly in the wind, and there was my a couple of days in bed. Now Saturday afternoon I was to go to Cambridge & spend the night (and by the way Charley would have me go in a great many things and returned the same, on Sunday, which was a great necessary day and then, for Sunday was a fearful cold day with following wind). But on Saturday, Mary came & I arrived, but him and the nurse, and for her I was and lots of talk. He has his little friends come up for her. I was all the time. - and on Sunday, he died with a kind of a tea he stayed from and in talked and talked, and then, and then all the old things under the sun. I mention this, because I guess

Matamoras Pt.

April 13. 1900.

Dear Caroline, Yours of April 4th deserves
an immediate answer (and observe, you
can never be sure in your letters, - or elsewhere
in that matter) so that ^{although} mine of recent date
will reach you not long before this I will
go ahead, especially as I want to expand
on many things. Poor Mr Church is dead, -
you have probably learned it (as I did first)
in the papers - He was growing pale in
Mexico, and Louis (poor fellow) hurried him
home; they arrived in New York March 28th
and he was laid on his bed at Mrs
Osborn's, exactly as his wife ^{the very same bed} was, very
nearly the same date a year ago; - and
died on the 6th of April without really
himself scarcely, but sleeping most of the
time. All his children were near him, and
Mrs Osborn, their oldest and best friend.
It is strange that during that interval
I was in New York, and passed the house
several times. I actually ran in to see
Mrs Osborn, and got the latest tidings
of Church, but she is now at home
except between daylight and dark, and I

they built a fire outdoors, you know, & heat the stoves & heat the
boilers, and just as they had got the water hot up with the ^{stoves} ~~stoves~~
they found they weren't so steady & put under the animal, & so
while they went up in the woods & cut the stakes, the water got
cold, and the stoves got cold, and the fire went out, so they had to
kindle up and start on again, - the Pig, (and Francis) standing around.
- When spring has had a selfish time and a tenth (with) and
a pretty was going, they drove on & Wakefield and had it about.
Then they left his spectacles & the spectacles, & they've drove over
today & got the spectacles. Suddenly they will get me over
least take (I don't) when they first & remember yesterday. But
now is that with dance he wore the spectacles you couldn't have had
his father says Tom is the prize - at present he ~~ever~~ see. But I fear
I told you that in my last. You steady "Veremore Stock" in the
Humen, a French home by Paul Bonfigli, (the has has 2 witnesses steady, -
in is the 30 October, and an illegitimate child by some other man) and Francis
all we are doing the Francis Meisbrotzsch not twentyn September last in Italian -
Arthur is here, but say and why really, & see what Spring means & so. You will be

Couldnt ~~mean~~ that. I should have
seen them all if I had pulled the
bell, -- and I'm sorry. -- but to what
End! He was uncertain and they
were preoccupied. His quite poetic
that he survived him so short a time.
Now Louis is free -- I fear a detache
in their worldly affairs, but in shall see.
And ~~then~~ ends ~~one~~ episode of my life
at one time an important one, but
it was really one long up - Cela,
cependant, donne à réfléchir.

= About when Alexander Key Davis
has lost vast sums, but the indent
that the "separate maintenance" tells
a little heavily on their resources -
You see there's: - May and he had for 1.
Ethel and Floridiana for another 2.
Major Davis himself (as small item) 3.
Thornden is an absurd and useless
Expense, as matter of fact, for they
all hate & loathe there -- Keeping up the
Greenhouse, le bon homme Richard, (a
superannuated coachman) and many
horses, whether they are there or not -
And-headed and hard hearted Sydenham
says the only thing for them to do is to cut

a short though their demands, now a holiday line ~~not the way~~
and well made. As by the post - This is a fair locality
from the main street, and could be reached by those who expect
the best sort style of calculations ~~however~~ in Syracuse, or it could
be laid out in large estates by Andrew Shelly Wilkinson who is
a rising architect of the contests and advanced type -
Meanwhile, the hate & returned, and what with hands and
days, and doctors, and Macmillans and no making in it
Smashed of a bubble - that I don't know not it's home or in.
= Francis Skinner is here, and he is having a fine time. But
and there's a poor old woman going on, but we are doubtful
comfortable, with our little word pie, and why don't you go. The
best secret was provisions killing their pig. Frederick by didn't
at him fed up sufficient & then in the Coleman, and kept him out
the thing; preludes, it is, a not all are in taking the feed away,
but Francis could be present in the ^{living} section, which was out of
good things and singular shifts in the part of the masterpiece.

1st page - PRIVATE.

Sam and Bat of Carolina, I put
this at the top to ease my mind on
a few subjects, so you can abstract
this half-sheet, and "proceed as in whist"
on the next. ~~page~~ ^{sheet} - What with the
Haweses do if they leave the Ranch?
Herbert Clark (in a very obscure hand)
says that He is going or gone to Montana.
It could be that they will put their heads
into that hole again. Why isn't Harleigh
reminded by sudden death! With the
shock of Susan Bay's marriage might
affect him. He was quite sweet on her.
= My dear! Charley's wedding - can't!! -
Write me about this, and how you
like it. I was Rucker's flat as a pancake.
All I can think of is that it's a Fort thing
he should marry; and I believe you like her,
don't you? Now let them sit & work and
have children by the name of Weld as fast
as possible, and ~~that~~ ^{let} it be a new child
about all things. Sly Rat! he never
told me a thing about it, although
he talked a bit, and I gave him his fair
Chance at the dialogue. There; now I'll
take up your themes ~~on~~ your last (about 4 to)
then proceeding to my little events [turn over] *

* Miss Clark seems rather gloomy in her letter. I should think two weeks in Colorado with eleven thousand other virgins might make her so. Time Machine is one of N.Y. books best. - Etchingham letter is much praised here. It came out in the Living Age, which gives them excellent subscribers an immense superiority ^{over} ~~for~~ the rest of us which they love to parade. I thought it a bit tedious, - very charming but I couldn't keep thinking: "Lord! what lives those virtuous English lead". I've got McKen's Slave, and I want you to read it, but its immensely long, and would kill at ^{five} ~~the~~ pages reading aloud, & I will send or bring it to you ^{later on} at Newport, for you to skim to yourself. It's all about jewels, (with a woman attached) chrysoprase and amethyst and cat's eyes and amethystoid and the deep forest fires of the citrine onyx &c. How was Lily Lewis any way, and how wait about her coming out to you? Daisy was to see her and explain, but she fails to throw any great light. I'm sending detectives out to discover the maiden name of Mrs Charles Henshaw. I know her perfectly well, but I've forgotten it. - I think he may now return to the Cedar Parlor, as Sir Charles Grandison used to say after he had led Harriet out by the hand to a private interview concerning Penitence.

Matamoras, R.T.,
April 24. 1901.

Dearest Caroline,

Not a thing -- not the first thing did Charles betray to me of his matrimonial intentions; and me that might I was shrewing him!

I kept him in memorably fine spirits in spite of his Grippes, and certainly he was full of amiability for all mankind. -- Every body writes me nicely about it -- Dear old Papa Edward was the first in his cordial expression of approval, and they all write taking it for granted that we know all about it from the start, & I just keeps an even keel, and reply, "Oh yes, where you surprised? Yes: --" as if I had made the matter myself -- My dear, its a thousand times better than if he had, as the old tale goes

within distance, I should read you true -- When it is telling at, its cuts a bunch in the cities, -- and sticks their by in the forest with clear full of the pen with some ruthlessness. Tom who is long haired, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~its~~ ^{its} cast aside for a handful of horses. There will be none left in 10 years even in my more sacred hearts. ~~Its~~ ^{Its} ~~long~~ ^{long} are the same. I was a doubtful yesterday! the first, -- but things will settle along now in mad haste. -- The first, -- but things will settle probably dead for, by Monday again, -- but not of course really, as about Bessie and granding -- this is no other, any & where you that I have nothing to that interesting about the great metal. Poor must be up a tree. -- Now nothing else interesting. We are all sitting along in perfect calm, taking our fried chicken and drinking ourselves. The first of the month next week, perhaps something will happen then with sailing. I was looking at your cable about the new. Mary Warfield's pleasure! I don't know anything, I'm sure

"let himself about to a strange Gal," -
and an immense relief to have
him married, once for all to be quiet.
You may be sure, dear, that I was
worrying about your state of mind. It
is quite true that we ^{ancients} are rattled
by the unexpected things of life, whether
they are good or not. Like crows,
it takes us so long to turn round. -
Well, you know we've got a much
worse blow in our connection, this
perfectly absurd, vicious and deplorable
engagement of Charlotte Stetson to
her cousin Houghton Elwood. - He
is a nephew of Mrs Bernard Edwards & -
and therefore a descendant of
Preachers, as she is. They both have
the worst traits of that strong Race,
and none of the good ones - Liars,
false, selfish, conceited, damned
clever, both of them, but absolutely
incapable of self-support, not a
cent between them, and a great
gift of living upon their relations -
is it not disgusting? He is an Ass,

but she is the worst & blame, for she is ten years the elder -
He, Francis thinks. - Every body is in a hurry, - and I
shudder & think of the future - when the property of
this ill-assorted, or rather the well assorted pair, are thrown
upon the Hale and Babins descendants, when our
Generations is dead and gone - This way Francis, his mother,
is staying with me, and we spend our time discussing the
matter, for its possible fruit on it, although really absolutely -
whether. What best can the wedding be - either Charlotte
Stetson is taking & give her away, - whether we should leave
her fairly be, - who will see the clergyman, &c. &c. - He knows
better make it what it is, my a temporary "accommodation," but
also with possible permanent consequences -
Meanwhile, nothing has come. The land is not yet in the hands,
and Francis and I are busy doing it up in making. When we

Notes and Details -

Things:— Do you want us to go on
^{new subscribers to} with the Argonaut? I think come
have had pretty com. I enjoy it don't you?
and had way page through with diligence,
but its quite irregular about coming, (lets
but I suppose in the mail) what d'ye think?

Has Rose got all the scrubbing-ladies
she wants? Because my Katy is a
dandy at it, and needs that kind of
employment when she ain't doing my errands.
She ^{headed} cleaned the Laundry Girls house at
Nahant last spring. Her address is
Mrs Kate F. Gorman, 49 ^{avenue} ~~Brook~~ ~~Street~~ Roxbury.

These items were jotted down as they
came into my head —

Matamoras N.H.

May 17. 1900

Why, Caroline dear; Can you be
here? It seems so, according
to Daisy. Let me hug you - and
where's Louisa? Bless you, Bless you
my dear; but what in the world
did you come for to soon!

Oh sure we have had several
captivating days, and our things
look delicious? No doubt your
garden is just bursting. As for
us, we only planted our cucumbers
yesterday - and all the young things
that were up were killed only
last week by a hard frost.

But hang the crops. - The apple
and cherry and pear blossoms are
all out, and

lots of little birds are jumping
round, and the grass is full
of dandelions.

I am nearly crazy trying to get
the house ready for an Army
barracks the 1st of June, - and
there's not a man in Rhode Island
that can move a bureau. I am
threatening marriage; can't think
of anybody but Mr. Hawes
who would do the business, and
he is pre-occupied and far away.

All the Field Grays come
from 1st Field and Mrs. and Clara
the nurse, and their 3 children
and Fanny the dog, and the new
she-dog who is precedent with
my little puppies in my garret. Their
horse and their ass are already at Providence.

But this is nearly a greeting for Aunt Anne
when you are there, but if not I hope it
will wait till you come. I wrote you a "Box 64"
last Sunday a some bad time, no earlier than
that, but you probably just missed it, - and
I returned you sending a book I planned to
Thomas Wilson is spending the summer with us, -
and a son of Providence is coming here today on
his bicycle for Sunday. Tell you, Hello you,
much love dear.

Matamoras R.T.
Sept 24. 1900

the has
the best
that it
has been a
shot-putting
summer.
Caroline, its delicious
to see once more your elegant
chirography, and I am longing
to see you. But lets stick it
out a little while longer. You
write to these a month more
dont you? In Oct to go this
week (Wednesday) to Philip Weedens
wedding, and that seems such
a tempts undertaking I cant
think of anything else till its
on. He is marrying Miss Meadows
the niece of Livingsstone
Meadows and as these Meadows live
in a very small house, Mrs.
Meadows is to give the bride-
price about \$1000. I think of Mrs. Phoebe Hunt.

has got in amongs & then just like the Buffalo
boy, and there are married, some worse, all
up a tree and their Code do not perceive
you & the dogs. That came about through us
American sense; who, it seems, manage the thing
perfectly well without the interposition of the State,
as "there are always women enough left & keeps up
the population." = Moreover, I am leading my
usual cheate life, ordering breakfast sent, killing the
last lingering fly, and advising my friends which
before I take on this of autumn. A faint fluttering
haunts after Charles begins to let my frame, for all I
have a cavity of the white waist. By the way, my only

before the wedding for a few (250?)
out of town people like me, and
then we are to be married at
Grace Church, I shall be
home such time, and then
the intimacy of the Pair have
a very small reception at the
house of the bride. — All of
which means the long drive
here to & from Kingston and
an all day business. Mrs Gray
and me take our lives in
our hands and set out early in
the morning. You can imagine
the wakeful regard the reader
as the most important one
since B.C.

My! But she? I mean Lucy Hopkins
All the fluency of all Hopkins

and the facility of Helen and Misses Charlotte and Ruth
indicate the great Tong of their conversation. She was
a funny person than her, for the women are not
exactly in that line, but I believe "the white forenoon"
as Mr W. is disinterestedly called, advised her. And
then she got up on our Paila with Rev. E. E. and
his spouse, she seemed above — well, as my mother
used to say: My dear, how else she is a very respectable
person — "I always felt of" Christ. How you came
from reading the things of Christ. They are ladies but upon
them? Most extraordinary. They are ladies but upon
getting along without a man, and they do find them
the first book called "Fidelique", but is the second "Ida" they
are all & the most. The new

49 Woodland Street
Hartford Conn.,
Dec 30. 1900.

Dear Caroline.

I shall be with you (if אפשרable)
on Wednesday p.m. I have just been
writing to Rosalia Alcantara to engage
him to meet us at the R.R. Station
when we arrive, for \$4.00 a day
Mexican, besides his expenses, which
are board, Room, and Railway fare -
I wish show you his excellent letter
when I come, signed

"Your most truly Servant."

I have written to Dr. Le Barou of
Carruavaca, (in reply to his obliging
letter) that we will come straight
along to his Hotel there, and take
the Church's favorite Rooms, for as
long as pleases you, I hope ten days
or more, as I think the climate
is well to be alluring. This is in order
to avoid City of Mexico till later in
the season, as January is chilly there
and there are not any fireplaces even.

My train Wednesday leaves here at 12 M, after Huntington has
about 3, South and my trunk by Albany, and come
along by myself. We'll see you, and hope you
have enjoyed the winter of thousands of Christians
between now, for it's time for Church, and though
we're not going, there's letters with. I don't mean there's
a lot for in the Church, but in the corner
lots of love, and blessings, and New Year Greetings -
and a happy Mexico from you -

Love from if
anything to the contrary
has occurred -

I have got from General Agent Hando
of Boston & Albany R.R. the rates for
tickets, & sleeping accommodations.
Guess I will make this now, for
you & Maudie are, but don't
lose it. - Perhaps you didn't mean
me to do this part, but I will
and gladly, - and can finish
the whole as soon as I arrive.

I haven't fixed any date with
any of them, but only the General
Statement that we shall leave
here about Jan 10th - It takes
you observe six days to get there.
We shall have to change at Saredo,
and after that its Narrow Gauge
which makes the drawing now
more narrow in dimensions than
the usual one, so I should think
it would only hold one person
comfortably. You can ponder these things.

I have written to Cabot Lodge, &

I promising to telegraph or write
when you decide the date.

Have been given me a letter to the American Mission, for
August of the month, our letter had been & addressed
"Care Embury & A.S.W."
Bureau letter No 4.
City of Mexico.

Our guide has his letter addressed there, and he will
know how to get them forwarded to us. But today that
he shall write from Long Beach in any one place
for people, & we will address postage is same as
our letter viz. 2 cent stamp each - and I have seen
of stamped envelopes for us & note from those that come
there are - (at reduced prices) Letters from his father's friends.
and his got a good map, a guide with pictures, & lots of R.R. photos.
There now, haven't started a Brace! All of these arrangements
await & depend on your approval.

Alama, Nov 19. 1900

Care Mr Louis P. Church
Hudson in Hudson N.Y.

Dear Caroline,

Louis and I are talking Mexico,
and I am already in a great hurry
to go there. Think of Cuernavaca,
where the temperature ranges up &
down a few degrees from 70° all the year
round, with the most glorious views
of Popocatepetl & Istacciwath, bit
along Barrancas, and Aztec Remains
a few miles off.

Louis says there is an excellent
little man, sort of valet de place, who
has been with Mr Church long trip
in years, and that we had better have
him to go ^{with} us, as interpreter, guide
escort, not exactly courier, because
more of a servant I should think. We
should pay him \$3.00 a day Mexican, which
is same as \$1.25 of our money. - and
we should pay for his keep, but not at
our hotel, where he would put us, & then go
to his own place at more moderate ^{and} low rates.

More interesting later on, April, May, when the rainy season begins,
but there is always something growing & thriving, especially in
the lower altitudes. City of Mexico is up 8000 feet, but all
the others are descent from there towards tropical vegetation.
I hate the idea that you think of these ideas. Perhaps
you (and Louis) will prefer the beauty of Chapultepec,
and of course it will be the lakes there & the lake,
and the view in the street see more of the real altitude,
on the mountain, if you will visit it. Remember, the
hotel will just start any of them. Should say about
as good as really, no better than the best of these, and
no more than the worst. But we have before the end of this
week when I shall be absolutely in driving clothes.

Matamoras R. I.,
Sept 9. 1901

My dear Caroline,

I feel constrained, on
General Principles, to communicate
with you, though I believe the
Era of Silence has fallen upon
you same as myself. I have
had no time nor wits for
writing all these weeks, - but
now a kind of calm has fallen
upon my household, and I will
ease myself of a few thoughts in
your direction. Does it ever occur
to you amongst other things that
I vaguely planned ^{in September} a driving trip
in Pennsylvania with those people

We have had a delightful evidence of Indians all summer
between the children simulating Indian Chief with feathers
and about collecting about a horse & stables
living in Virginia and paying the horses when they are
not making potatoes in a kettle on three sticks. The very
evidence, and heads them out of the pond, falling into a thing
is then the favorite diversion. I have read a short
book with great p. m. when I felt upon a short
trip by horse & foot, about a young marriage lady
a. { character, folk. The hour, however, had been - one is held
thereas - the continuation of Evelyn Jones, very clean, most
pleasant. I can read these Richard Catwells and Eben Andrews
and what not. - and as matter of fact I can read anything
than a little from Mrs. Deane, but I haven't noticed it, so I don't read
it & you, but I have noticed it, which explains itself. = I must leave you
to your country where


So you see this point behind the ship
(which is always there for some reason)
We can now out, (with a razor)
from these boat houses down here, and
go round that point to the open sea
and there in the channel little
bathing houses stand up on legs
out of the ocean with steps
down, and we can go swimming in
shallow water on a white sand floor.



This side of the Point is the Channel
through which all ships arrive,
amongst others us, and as we came
sailing in last Monday, just after
sunrise, we came past this lovely
lawn with the bathhouses, coconut
palms, mango trees, grass & the
water's edge with a little brook
rippling down to the sea all sparkling
with ferns, and to! ^{it all along to} there was the
Hotel Tichfield where I am
staying. I became so enamoured
from the first glance that I
didn't want to go anywhere else;

and so while it rained and more, my heart flew to
the night here until after Christmas, when seeing any more
places; you see when lots of time & fruit in the garden.
I can do that alone, but people are raised up to me all the
time. I want to travel & stay with Hopkins of the United Fruit Co
Rev. F. H. Rogers of England and the Methodist. They
are sailors all, and it was extremely interesting. He is a
handsome man, about 60 years old, and he (being) spoke
in a dramatic set of high school boys & loved their studies
He has beautiful hands and used them a great deal. There
is not a patient showing description of the Christ as the savior
of the world, his words were beautiful, and moving. He has the power, which
I think he affects his audience ^{truly} much. Perhaps you know
they are splendid, with the Rogers, & looked in the last style, pink
slit coats, sailor-hats, white tie shoes. (I had mine in my hand, a hot)

So when I got into bed (80°) I lie [5
and look out on the lovely opal
sky, the Moon is full now, and its
almost light out there. Through one
half-window the branches of a sort of cedar
tree sway and wave in the slight breeze
out of the other. See the ocean, the
light house with a red lantern, and lots
of waving coconut palms. My curtains
float in the wind, it is still, stiller
than Matinich, with those deep caves ^{in the sky.}
of opal and mother of pearl out there,
Aint it kind of weird? Well towards
^{last night} dawn a gale was
blowing; all my curtains on the loose
and a pouring rain rattling down
I caught rain in for these are eyebrows
of corrugated iron over every window.
I flew out of bed, shut my windows
shut my door, (it had gone down to 76°)
Dressed my (single) sheet around me
and went to sleep. At 6½ when I awoke ^{again}
the rain was on, the sky was coppery
with the Sun just coming along out of the sea
I jumped up & went to my Bath, most
refreshing ^{after} rather ^{exhausting} night.
This beautiful now, just just rising over the Bar.

There are no flies, no mosquitos, no occasion for nettings or screens
 All doors and windows stand open. These deep verandahs are
 sheltered alike from sun and rain. It rains a dozen times
 a day, and makes the green lawn sparkle. Unlike California
 and Mexico there is grass everywhere, - no dust, for even the
 little ones has a good wash though it, and besides its always
 muddy. It is said that the mongoose has destroyed all vermin,
 snakes & things (incidentally all the song-birds) anywhere the absolutely
 only thing of the sort I have seen was a Peesa like this 
 a most highly respectable sort of beetle, with a
 pink and green pattern worked down his back in cross-stitch
 By the way, I am playing with my embroidery hoops and have
 made some very pretty clothes for my fresh-basket etc. Oh! its
 lovely on my verandah this morning. The hills so thick with foliage
 and the water peacock-tinted. I write to this Hotel as on the envelope
 I am sure it will reach me, as I stay here over Christmas. Loving Susan -

P.S. Looking over your letter I see 17.
lots of things to comment upon.
Carla, its splendid about you would
that a new interest it makes
for me in Matamoras. Shall you
begin to build right away? Of course
you must stay with me all the
time, & superintend those Carbons
the workmen. Why don't you get
Tom Browning to run the business
engage Carpenters & so on. He will
prevent you being cheated (more
than usual) — You must know I
heard from Jeannie that Rayner
joined you at Ann Browning's and
laughed & think of your joy at
the meeting. It makes me homesick
& hear of you stroll about my place
in fact the whole Autumn was so
kind, I might have stayed there till
Nov. 15, and had my swimming in
the pond. — Mr. Sam Lory is building
a house, up near my Rose Lot.
— End — Mrs Susan

St. Catharines } January 5th 7½ am
Mrs Delisser's } 64°. Brown's Town
Lodgings. } Jamaica 1903


Good morning, dear Gals, I will write
to you both at once, & thank you
for Remembering your Susan way
off here in the tropics. It was
a strange Christmas. I had two
presents, a stick-pin ^{made at} of a Jamaica
Seed, and a Box of Candy from West
Newton, a man had a lot sent him.
Since then I have had several
little remembrances in my letters,
and Louisa Goddard just sent me
a Pig. [photograph] In Jamaica
Poinsettia [that Great Red Thing]
is called 'The Christmas Rose.' and
my Moor caused a small boy to pick me
huge branches of it in honour of the day.
But let me tell you about my surroundings
here. I have escaped from Everybody, Tourists
Bores, Americans, Hotels, Railroads, Electricity.

I had a Bean, the said. Mr Sautter the clerk of the Court
told us Mrs Hutchins looking where she had a couple of nights
He was absolutely devoted to me. She was after breakfast
& the Washers of the fruit & she had some money, showed
shaking the table, P.O. the Court House, (a very grand building, & English
the the firm, the Court House, (a very grand building, & English
of course) after breakfast accompanied me on a drive, and next
morning sent me off in my buggy. As soon as I reached Providence
there some pleasant. Received this telegraph: -
"The you have arrived in Providence safely and found
everything congenial as they always are when you visit
concerning. F. Sautter." "What that?" "Was it me told you?"
This was a very beautiful young man, tall, well set up,
and clothes (all white suit in the morning, tailor made) found
valued, splendid eyes, fine mouth, handsome teeth, shining smooth
hair, parted, with light curls at the temples, -- and the man was
as happy as a boy. He said, "I must be thoroughly African. But that

My stairs are outside the house.
 But wait, I will
 make this picture
 of it. These two
 windows are in
 my bed-room, and
 the top of the room goes up into
 this roof with rafters, partitioned off
 a great drawing room. The house is
 of stone, yellow washed, and the Roof
 is brown & resembles thatch though it
 is really shingled. We are in the
 bay midst of a little town. Opposite
 is the sweetest little house all buried
 in vines with ramshackly steps and
 a red fence. The soil is bright orange
 here, and thick grass is growing in
 the rats and everywhere. Behind the
 houses dotted along the little road
 are masses of trees, Breadfruit, Mango,
 Rubber trees, in fact its a forest, shuttling
 in any kind of view otherwise. Gobs
 of Orange trees, Rosebushes, Red Hibiscus
 all kinds of "Croton plants" add to the colouring.



So about the my real white garden in the town. I went to
 Church yesterday, and saw the grandees who live in their
 Estates in the neighborhood, but they all had a truck of
 Melatoes cotton & then. - This pleases me, I mean & the
 by myself, he I got bored with friends at the Antebellum
 when I stayed three weeks. When you heard anything about
 me? I was absolutely alone there, never heard from you
 and the house seemed alive off a lot of what I had. The
 Caliban Sea and got a wagon drawn over a hundred white
 coral bottom, but the fruit ships are constantly clearing
 with people from the North bringing & selling what they have
 finally began them all the ships and came off on a
 showing trip, stopping at beautiful out of the way places -
 Every body is awfully kind and hospitable. At St. Thomas

I must go and get ready for breakfast.
My hair is down and I'm in
a thin wash. silk wrapper gown.
At 6½ I had a bath in a great
tin tub in my room. The water was
really cool, for the first time in Jamaica.
Then I ate two thick slices of
luscious pine apple, and had two
cups of rather strong coffee with hot
milk, and some toast. Then I
did up my things for the wash, and
"Emma" brought me some letters, one
from George, Dec 24th - aint it
ridiculous how long they are coming,
about as long as Algiers. ^{back} A lady
is going to make me a white
wrapper, exactly like mine, and
Emma will bring me goods from the
store to select from. I bought a hat
in ~~Paris~~ St Ann's, for 5 shillings. It's
very light straw, and trimmed with
pink sort of straw quips, 
more appropriate than my heavy black one

Mr Gauntlett helped me buy it at the (only) store at St Ann's
and yesterday when I had it on, & told him I liked it he
said "Yes, I think I love that hat for you. The pink is
well." — I'm afraid to tell you those things aloud, but
you must not be alarmed. I shall not see him again.

I have an admirer too, the Rev Mr McCarty of England
who is here on missionary work. I met him just at
St Antonio, in fact he advised me to come to Brown's Town
and wrote to Rev. Mr Hall of the Church here to find a
lodging. That's why I had to go to Church yesterday. It was
hot as Hades walking up the road, and especially coming back
at noon (St^o) and the service was mortal long — but the
singing here is really glorious, such voices, such accurate rhythm
A light brown lady played the Yang Yang, and Asah Churchill only coal-black
worked the wind for it.

John
Lott
Lott

Tuesday.
Mandeville, Feb 10. 1903
Addis Bank of Nova Scotia
Kingston Jamaica

Dear Caroline

My Jamaica. (which is now
my favorite swear-word) but you
kick me higher than a Kite.

and a Kite would have been no
in comparison
where I am, if you really had cabled
about Japan. My dear it would
be easier for a needle to get into
the eye of a camel, than me to
get to Nassau from here; look at
this, which my diligent eye felt
just now
upon in the "Jamaica Fleeter".
I should take my life in my hand
today is
and start for Santiago (next Tuesday!)
I should probably be drowned in this
sailing vessel, catch a Norther, reach
Santiago early in March, and then either
traverse Cuba or sail precariously round it
to Nassau.

in my room
A great mahogany bedstead, long cheval-glass, Aburro's etc, and I
burst into the best society of the town. Thomas Rebecca, and
Rebecca's mother, and Mrs Joyce and her Joyce baby, and Dr
Phillips and his dear old sister, and Dr McCarty who keeps
the sawdust, and Mrs Great a handsome young Harrington
myt up in a content in Paris, who is married to a
Jack Guiteau, and her children are little Nigs, besides
the Pot Misters and the Shop-keeper and the lady that
made my betting ^{game} ~~best~~, whose wife dwells in the Caribbean
My mother-in-law all these good folks, and her one on Real
Jamaica. Books which would drive you crazy, yet true good -
some of the fruit are like Mexico; & you remember the thing
that looks like a Potter's pot and looks like a Potter's pot.
They feel kind that I don't like it. The five apples are delicious
and my favorite food with morning coffee. Havana jelly is all over the place
the Moravians that is for exercise. The husband and the wife are
I don't care for them.

FOR SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



The fine clipper schooner "Morning Light" will sail for the above port on

* Tuesday the 11th February, 1903, at 1 o'clock p.m. from the wharf of Messrs A. L. Malabre & Co. taking freight and passengers at cheap rates. Passengers taken for Nassau, N.P., making close connection with the Ward Line steamer "Orizaba" at Santiago. For further particulars, please apply to

H. HITCHINS, Agent,
60 Harbour Street,

Kingston.

with a large part of water on her head which she brought from the tank away off, and she has picked up [you better for me.] Another thing, the death of Old Mr Codman. I must write Katy about it, I feel more like congratulating than condoling; but very likely she misses the old man. She has been so good to him.

Mrs. Clark, in Brownstown I worked myself a "Blouse", as they say for shirt waist here, with my colours, and had Mrs Rose make it up. It was pretty, I rivet my patterns, as I have done. Then when I got to Montpelier Bay, I had to leave wayward the stitch. They had never even seen canvas here, and there was none to be got in the town, so I had to furnish it. Luckily Lucy bought me half a yard in Hartford when I was there in November. I was staying with two delicious ladies there, Mrs Parsons and her sister Miss Ella, and they were cracked & have worked "Houses"

Miss Ella wanted it. I learn the stitch, and I thought they would all catch on directly, but it was the hardest work I had ever done, they were so slow. I was telling her just when I put the needle in the canvas I learn to cross the stitches alike, and would hold it up while I show - I saw her my mause stitch to do it with as that is her ^{favorite} stitch. Truly she was afraid to do her stitches, and for a wonder they look very nice. By this time I had discovered it was far less trouble to do it myself than to teach them, so I stacked Mrs Adams's things, which she had conceived & made of those nice socks with white, I had suggested a Red pattern which Father carried at getting it in & this job, but they were so slow. Mrs Lewis pretty fine, and had other things to do, and I had to work alone on the wheel to finish, constantly interrupted & with Miss Ella when I wish her needle. Truly it was done. I wish them send the Canvas, a job in itself, and it really looked very pretty, but Mrs Adams is a what lady of 60 who about no correct, *

(See 44)

* I am not very sanguine as to the results.
Anyhow I came away, & I never shall know.
Meanwhile at the only store there was
some Jane Canvass good & work ^{like mine} in and
they had some very pretty linen flannel, but
only three colors, blue, pink, yellow - I got
some of that and started working just to
fill up the time. - Margaret McKinney

4th up the time. — Margaret McKinney
 A girl has (~~part~~ - dark but of Irish blood
 for the most part) asked me to let her
 do some work, and I gave her money to
 get materials, and ^{one of my} handkerchiefs for a
 pattern of - linen, like &c. My dear, she
 has brought them home beautifully hemstitched
 and some drawn work for a neck-tie also,
 but all on rotten cheap cotton-cloth
 that no one would think of approaching
 to the nose. It was the best Malvern
 afford - at sixpence a yard! - I pit
 her a pity. — I don't mind the 10 shillings
 I gave her, but the waste of her nice work,
 and there is no good getting employment
 for her, as nobody would want it. So
 I doubt Misses has better material, but
 that is far away. — I have you see, my dear

Give up my time, and try to help along
 these folks. I am immensely interested
 in all these darks. Must not call them
 Blacks unless they are Pure Black, which
 is hard to find. These are aristocrats
 and they work down on any cross fertilization.
 "Coloured people" are those who contain
 any white in them, and of course there are
 all shades, even to blondes or blonds, of
 whom one is always doubtful. In fact
 you are seldom sure of a Real ^{Pure} White.
 But against the Race Question, although
 its intensely interesting. — Since I began
 this I have a letter asking me to take
 a young woman home with me — if I
 accepted all these invitations I should
 be like St. Ursula with her 40,000 virgins.
 I really believe Emma of Moravia would
 do with me; she is an excellent friend
 but I shouldn't dream of introducing her
 into the Companionship of Lady Sebastian!
 There's too much risk in the business,
 he won't if you didn't accept any responsibility
 they would always be on your hands, and
 how could they stand one Climate!

Just now let me tell you about this swarming spot, away
 up above everything. I should not wonder if it were like
 Chocoma. — Any that across slopes of tropical forest, and
 looking on little villages and smoky mounds with dense
 shadows moving on them, like the long Caribbean Sea
 13 miles away, all the same fruits, I believe for it were
 beautiful than the Mediterranean. This is facing West, and
 straight the sunset is glorious behind the mountains of
 rolling scenery. In a fact from the "Great North" in an act.
 finally, the Underpinnings of stone, above ^{there's} only my big room, and my
 ante-room where I have my bath is a wash tub. My coffee
 comes there afterwards, and then I have my breakfast
 at nine, when I find the other "dodgers" only three Canadians, of
 extraordinary commonplaceness, but handsome — I should like
 them. Anyhow they are not creations of the day. ~~the~~

Part
Successful

To Miss Caroline P. Atkinson

Malvern, Santa Cruz Mts.
2200 ft. above sea level,
Feb. 25, 1903.
8 a.m. 68°

Dear Carla,

I must write you lots of things about my cross-stitch, and indeed of many other subjects, for it's ages since my last, (Jan. 6th as I see from my Diary, from little Brownstown.). Yours of 11th crossed it, how often that happens. (Here I stopped to look over your letter, and I am sorry to say the second half of it blew away). I am sitting on top of my steps in the sun, and there's a merry breeze blowing, but it's a warm one. Such lots of things happening with you, the Mills burning, the Whooping Cough at Greta's, Gladys' wedding, all these deaths, Dr. John Homans amongst them, no coal, below Zero, slush, snow. Altogether I think I am well out of it, and I am finely well, nothing the matter with me, and in joyous spirits. (Alice comes along with a large pail of water on her head which she brought from the tank away off, and she has picked up your letter for me). # # # # #

Well, Carla, in Brownstown I worked myself a "Blouse", as they say for shirt-waist here, with my colours, and Mrs. Rose make it up. It's very pretty, I invent my patterns, as I have none. Then when I got to Montego Bay, I had to teach everybody the stitch. They had never even seen canvass before, and there was none to be got in the town, so I had to furnish it. Luckily Lucy bought me half a yard in Hartford when I was there in November. I was staying with two delicious ladies there, Mrs. Aarons and her sister Miss Ella, and they were cracked to have worked "blouses". Miss Ella wanted to learn the stitch, and I thought they would all catch on directly, but it was the hardest work to teach her. Day after day I sat over her telling her just where to put the needle. She couldn't learn to cross the stitches alike, and would hold it upside-down. I gave her my mauve floss to do it with as that is her favorite colour. Finally she managed to do her strips, and for a wonder they look very well. By this time I had discovered it was far less trouble to do it myself than to teach them, so I tackled Mrs. Aaron's strips, which she had conceived to make of black silk worked with white. I had suggested a Greek pattern. I was rather enraged at getting let in to this job, but they meant no harm. I was leaving pretty soon, and had other things to do, and I had to work three hours on the stretch to finish, constantly interrupted to tell Miss Ella where to stick her needle. Finally it was done. I made them ravel the canvass, a job in itself, and it really looked very pretty. But Mrs. Aarons is a stout lady of sixty who wears no corsets, I am not very sanguine as to the results. Anyhow I came away, so I never shall know. Meanwhile at the only store there was some Java canvass, good to work on, and they had some very pretty linen floss like mine, but only three colours, blue, pink, yellow. I got some of that and started work-

ing just to fill up the time.

A girl here (part dark but of Irish blood for the most part, Margaret McKinney) asked me to let her do some work, and I gave her money to get materials, and one of my handkerchiefs for a pattern of linen, size, etc. My dear, she has brought them home beautifully hemstitched and some drawn work for a neck-tie also, but all on rotten cheap cotton-cloth, that no one would think of approaching to the nose. It was the best Malvern affords--at sixpence a yard! Isn't it a pity. I don't mind the ten shillings I gave her, but the waste of her nice work, and there is no good getting employment for her, as nobody would want it. No doubt Kingston has better material, but that is far away. There you see, my dear, I fill up my time, and try to help along these folks. I am immensely interested in all these darks,--must not call them Blacks unless they are Pure Black, which is hard to find. These are aristocrats and they look down on any cross fertilization. "Coloured people" are those who contain any white in them, and of course there are all shades, even to blondes or Blonds, of whom one is always doubtful. In fact you are seldom sure of a Real Pure White.

But avaunt the Race Question, although it's intensely interesting. Since I began this I have a letter asking me to take a young woman home with me--if I accepted all these invitations I should be like St. Ursula with her 40,000 virgins. I really believe Emma of Brownstown will go with me; she is an excellent servant, but I shouldn't dream of introducing her into the companionship of Loisy Sebastian! There's too much risk in the business, for even if you didn't accept any responsibility they would always be on your hands, and how could they stand our climate!

But now let me tell you about this enchanting spot, away up above everything. I shouldn't wonder if it were like Chocorua,--only that across slopes of tropical Forest, and looking over little villages and country roads with cloud shadows moving over them, I see the lovely Caribbean Sea thirteen miles away, all opaline tints, I almost fear its more beautiful than the Mediterranean. This is facing West, and every night the Sunset is Glorious behind the Panorama of rolling scenery. I'm apart from the "Great House" in an out-building, the Underpinnings of stone, above there is only my big room, and my ante-room where I have my bath in a Wash-tub. My coffee comes there afterward, and then I can write till Breakfast-time at nine, when I join the other "Lodgers", only three Canadians, of extraordinary commonplaceness, but harmless. I rather like them, anyhow they are but creatures of the day.


I am now on my sheltered verandah looking off over the lovely sea. It's funny how I run to this kind of place,--San Isidro looks off this way on the Pacific, Mustapha Superieur on the Mediterranean, Matunuck does on the Atlantic. Haven't I been on some other ocean? I must try Ararat to look across the Caspian Sea.

Have you read that delightful book of Henry Norman's called I think "All the Russias"? Francis sent me the "Pit", but I haven't opened it. It seems not to match Jamaica, and I am keeping it for Matunuck. I had from London Gissing's Rycroft,--I lent it to the Canadian Man and he enjoyed it. I think, from what he says, it's the only book he ever read. He keeps a Drug-store in St. Catharine, near Niagara. # # # # #

Plana,
November 16. 1948.
th Thursday.

Dear Carla and Marnie,

Put your heads together and read this all at once. — This cold raw and raining. Louis is having a tooth filled in Hudson, and Sally is on her way & Tony & I have a gown fitted, so I couldn't have a better chance to write, with the house all to myself. I must see a watch & put it off so long, but the fact is (and you know all about it) although there seems nothing to do, it is mighty hard to get my letters written. In breakfast rather late, then dawdling (while my room is airing) then sew and chat if at home, but the chief thing is the glorious Motor Car, in which we spend hours of rapture. Louis is cracked about it, and as for me I am a willing convert and am convinced the thing was invented for the benefit of elderly ladies.

I do think Sally is a wonderfully capable housekeeper. She has Betty (Wacker) and another one, Clara, who has done everything — Michael is in the secret service in his new position of Assistant Chauffeur. He sits up beside Louis in the front seat like great foggy on (the pair of them  a terror in the kitchen; and after a terrific fall upstairs, Michael jumps out and catches their horses, and catches him & his friends up when we usually waving in the air. — We shot up & thunderbolt one day after lunch, though little Louis whose brother had been down a month, — and came back why the mice was like this, a bit better, but certainly not, in the glass of water, I must believe the Catbirds — the bird was more than 40 miles, the stamp. — Now girls, I shall be in Boston Dec 14 — and depart very soon for some friends, not yet quite decided. I shall put up at my family's house. — I'm in fine shape but must be careful a account of my legs up. Loving best

Sp. Haverdats Thursday next.

The same of Maurice's } mother's visit
is still holds here

Address Care
United Fruit Co
Port Antonio
Jamaica

Sunday morning. S.S. Dewey
December 27, 1903.

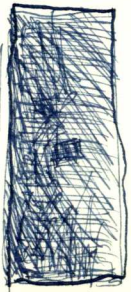
Dear Caroline.

If you had been looking out
of your window towards S. Washington
yesterday morning about 8 1/2 o'clock
you would have seen this interesting
spectacle in the middle of ^{Arlington Street} ~~Cornwall Ave~~
at the mouth of Commonwealth Ave.
It was snowing, the ground was
thick with it. A hack containing an
elderly lady, and a younger one with a big cigar,
was proceeding in the middle of
the road, one horse down with his
legs waving in the air, the other
being up against the pole, the
driver patiently trying to pick them up -
a red haired man looking on with a
leather hand bag. - This was the going to
my steamer. My trunk in a wagon behind.

of others, to 1/4 hour - Press of candy - Two pound boxes of candy,
Huguen Candy, S.S. Hers, large and small - A box of chocolate,
a mixed box, a chocolate cake, a pound of candy, a box of chocolate,
complete boxes of small sweets. The Hall also gives these things
free, sets in a box of spring and more paper and had
it prepared by instructions. There is now absolutely three
pills & the very little - Don't neglect this letter, and don't
ask but how it has done at the first Capitalist Church
The last thing I did, on Tuesday, was to go to the funeral at King's Chapel
after which I attended on Christmas morning, - and we had a
the history. I stayed and then suddenly in the evening, only a few
big dinner of today and then suddenly in the evening, only a few
Helen of us and some others, who is otherwise known at present -
It is still sunny, warm, pleasant, today, still and not a cloud,
with a little snow, the only women up. - With the idea in the
above lines

He just sat there without turning a hair, but bathed incessantly, "as I was saying, the question was, - Phil smiled philosophically; he didn't dare to interrupt the great man. Phil (back to the horses) murmured "Is he down?" "I think so," true, said I looking at the legs in the air, "Look!" said papa; "as I was saying the question was whether the man's hair was long because he used the hair oil, or whether he used the hair oil because his hair was long. I got so mad, with the minutes flying by, that I stopped to open the door and leave them, saying, "I will take a car at the corner, if you with Dinky stand by, trucks after me." But before I reached that point, the horse got up, ^{on his legs} the driver got up on his box. He creaked and slatted. Parker bellowed "thank you" to the red haired man who had done absolutely

nothing, and stood when he was thanked. He thanked him again, as he went away. - The driver apparently had the idea & showed me the ^{seated} ^{position} of my native horse before I left the country. We stopped a ^{moment} ^{minutes} the street for an hour or so and finally reached my hotel - Park Ave. Really fine, everything true & the best, and everything on the street and most and big. - I ride slowly out with the sheet and must and fog. - The man a red one went since. I would like it. We sat a ship in the port after staying as understood. The perhaps we take back & turn in a tug. It looked like that as he was sailing away from it. - A Christmas is over, and I'm thankful. Yesterday noted & could standing it with my family. The account of "Gifts" that was with that house is waiting, wishing (None to me of course, I was there only in my actual body) - Right, everything, fine cheeks



Matamoras R.I.
June 27. 1901.

Dearest Caroline.

You may well think that I am sunk beneath the wave -- but it is not oblivion but a Cyclone that struck me last week when I was pursuing my innocent way with a small family and a clean house. By the way, the Carpet is here. It was not the Cyclone, simply a presumption. We spread it out on what I am pleased to call a lawn and danced on Saraband - or rather Virginia Reel with my warbling music on it. — It's very beautiful ^{also} ~~large~~. On Tuesday last there arrived in Matamoras, but not in my house, because they are to board at the little house down below, called Mrs Goodchild's but kept by Brownings,

My Louise the pocket cook has felt that but her, I felt can't slip out of the kitchen except to go to bed, and sneaking sneaked on a sideboard on the upper entry floor. The funeral is on, the boys shall have folk, no matter. The funeral is on, the boys shall have folk and gathered in their own. The female boys have returned & their channel and my doctory ear the which is the important, so now you see when twice & twice this, and then this girl & this Rose - it & cut buds of natural fragrance & very had a nice letter from Natalie Allen, speaking & very into about & feeling it, by the way, has got with and come back. Now it's her turn. I'm with and

the following people and things ^{rose}
my nephew Edward jr, his wife, his
bro Maurice, his son Nathan,
Nathan's nurse (a fool) his wife's
Cousin on the father's side and
Dennis the dog, along with their
trunks, pots and pans, writing materials
&c, but not bathing tub for the baby,
because they have bought none.
Very well; but on their arrival
I had to hand them a telegram just
received announcing the sudden
death of Mrs Hale's father, Prof.
Parkins of Schenectady. Those poor
things had to turn round and go
back travelling all night to get there.
— naturally they left the rest of
their baggage with

me.

There was a hurrying of cot-beds to
the side of big-beds, a turning
out of Francis to make way for little

Maurice, a hurrying for Abba's mother's
trunk with schoolbag and other things which
I had ^{and this} ^{the} ^{parents} ^{the} ^{house} that had been
the 3 gray children, & nurse, colored man, &c &c
while a Canary bird (who sat in it" by the way
a beautiful bird) — took, immediately their dog began
to sit on top, on Big & fight their dog, everybody
to fall into the pond, Gabriel about fishhooks, and
then horn-ponds on the breakfast table sat in his boat.
The baby began to wet his bed (my private fear was that
and all the animals of the kitchen began to eat with
such violence that the wives began to quarrel. Last
then all the breakfast chairs at their place for the breakfast
and began to give dinner parties —

Matunuck R.I.

Oct 15. 1913.

Dear Carle.

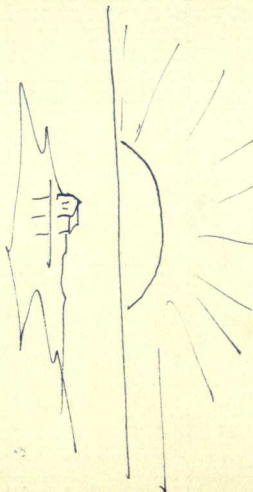
It was dreadful here for a whole week, and that the one that you might all have been here. Parra Chavis madly walking towards the pond, winds howling, doors banging, flutes jiggling, the house in fact rocking and racketing like a ship in a trough. I fear Mamma is taking it so, literally, at this moment. But yesterday it turned perfect, and I wish you were all to be here for our most rapturous weather —

Before Howard arrived it was very uncomfortable, down about, fire crackling, the house full of odors belated flies. — but it began to clear that day,

and when I asked him not coming, at six. —
to his camp ^{ground}, was riding right on to his Bed (in your room)
the sun was riding right on to his Bed (in your room)

across the salt pond; and the whole day sat in the sun. — There seems to be a cold East wind today, but later than.

Weekend are still here, and all at stay till Oct 31 or Nov 1, and depart all together — me for New York, Schenectady, Rensselaer. — I'll go to Lawrence again, they say it is among them already. — Starting full on.



Of all things Howard Hart
appeared here with his shirt - collar
Tuesday just before dinner -
Luckily there was Roast Beef in
the house. He was making a
Tour amongst the Hales, and
had passed Sunday at Ipswich,
so it was he that filled the
house. Tomp also wanted to go
to that Sunday, but was told they
were full. Howard gave me
loads of information about the
Moor, especially that of
Cornish, which I must consider
a hot-bed of squabbling, I must
say, but he thinks it is beautiful.

The Freddy Camp, the Paper Mason, the
Maad Horses are there, not to speak of the Society
and the Primitive Church - the great classical
Question seems to be "Stewen or not & where,
& dress - coat at dinner." "Oh Port! how glad

I am not there,
Howard was bleated with Mrs. Stewen. He thanks
her the gentlest of all Philo's Horses. I asked
him if he didn't notice the set of his lower jaw -
but he seemed to think that of no importance.
He, spent a night at St. Michael's when some few
men, & he passed me on all my family -

Nathaniel R.S. Saw.
 August 29. 1902
 Why Carla! Drive the Bad
 Green Eyed Monster from your
 thoughts at once, for I am
 about to write you that great
 long letter (unless it is abruptly
 brought to an end by some catastrophe)
 All is calm; Gull smoking in the
 Parlor; Edward preparing his Pastels;
 Rose packing in the Top story; Geraldine
 Reading Miss Edgeworth in the Red.
 Parlor; the two boys in mischief
 (and therefore quiet) behind the Dog House.
 Lily washing dishes, Lily the same
 Catharine pretending to make beds,
 Leahy curling her front hair, Edith
 scolding Fannie; Emma, Nathan the
 same. What a chance for fluent
 thought and the use of the Pen!

We are on the Eve of September Disturbance, for ^{early} next week
 Rose and her tribe depart, Gerald goes to Peter his wife & the Ma
 for the summer, my little eldest ladies depart & their place
 when temporarily there is Porto, their place we begin with H.
 Jeanine & Jean has a substitute, a nice woman, who will
 in think come and "do" for me, with doing, the rest of
 the time Jean has. This brings me to Gerald thinking his
 family may not stay, all though rather heavy as, which
 might put off my leaving here, but no use worrying about
 that till they come and speak for themselves. I hope that some
 but advise you France till October 1st. Hope he will come
 her alone. What is a splendid place, you can keep out! In
 me very little & have no men. I should think you would hide
 the garden and go in swimming in the morning. - In the Jan. party
 well, but I get tired early, and keep on going & hold at back. Every body

all the Labor Day guests at
 all the morning & evening
 Give a

Of course you know I just merely
happened I wrote the others. Now
and I had a correspondence about
her left, shirt-waist, and then
a little shop shot she sent me.
For the most part I haven't written
anything to any body - I've made
a discovery; it's the huckleberry
season that destroys new Epistolary
practices, for my head is always
out of windows enjoying three quarts.
Berries are done now - I must
tell you the last jest about them.
About Sebastian was here sawing
wood when Old Miss Perry come
with blackberries. Lody was about
to buy them, but he shone, coming
out of the cellar with the wheel-
barrow, said: "There aint good for
nothing, I'll git her some." So as a
change after splitting and stacking a
cord of wood he strolled down into
his field & picked 3 quarts for ~~and~~ supper.

= These we enjoyed, by the way, by
Howard Green, the
cousinly called the draftee, who married Miss Chase. the
friend of Emma's, who you know - these friends of the
in this other Emma was a sister of Emma's, and the
draftee & Miss Chase, Henry Platon, all would be with her,
but I was sure that Chase and the draftee were
wealthy engaged all along. - I think it was a mean trick
& they in Emma, who happily kept up the Platon's ~~practice~~
with these friends she lost him, as another of fact? don't you?
= Since these last words I have been all on the house from
Paris & other. I think I've brought the book, but he hasn't got
the two quarts because they want where he's been, and she
thought they want big ones - This brings despair & the children
in the quarts were & a cooked at this. But now this p.m., see sticks
to the sticks by themselves. They will have & substitute real cotton in the kitchen.

Isn't it strange that "a nigger
cant keep his hands off the
woodpile"! - So let me write
him; meantime, dont you do it -
He neednt expect to be a land
owner yet awhile, - if he wants
to, let him work for it. All you
say about titles is perfectly
true, and besides that it would
spoil him for life to be so set up.
Dont think I am hard on the
little man. for I am very grateful
to him for putting us through so
thoroughly; it is for his own sake
I want to keep up his independence
Write and tell me if you dont agree
with me, before I write Seegers. -
I really think it would injure his
position as a Bradwigner to be (or
pretend to be) a land owner - He would
be so likely as to lose his footing in
his own class, while he really dont
own the place, if it is bought with
his money. = So much from Susan the Moralist.

A sort of fashion's calm has fallen upon me at last
like the icy surface of the Saragosa sea - my mind
is working finely. There's no discerned difference
between a shop-fair and a wheelbarrow, and every
at length recognizes that the salt must be kept
at the back of the kitchen stove in this foggy weather.
Steps of beef, sides of lamb, ^{tail, & yow!} sacks of pork, shoulders
of mutton, chains of seal, are laid out for towns &
the ice house, icehouse & then, and then from the thresholds
of my window - pouring [no reflection on the designs of the Niles]
not speak of ducks, chickens, old broods, young broods, eggs and radishes.
I am constantly offered things by the way, but I must not
have straight from my own mind. -
There's a way of it is this. To and the Niles no longer tell you
that they are, at the age of 80 & 94, a model & devoted lovers.

May 22. 1900.

Blessed Caroline, Matamuck Pt.

Woke from dreams of thee,
In the middle of the floor,
He then (literally) just put
down the Ex-sticker with
my own hands in the Red Parlor.

There is nobody to do anything
here, (in the way of a man I
mean.) They are all packing
Buckeyes or planting or cultivating
or painting or papering other people.
So just, after all these weeks
of longing (to be at it) Lory and
I grabbed up the old carpet
with these hands and a screw driver;
threw it out of window and
she washed the floor and painted.
She is heavier than I be, so
I climbed up top of the steps

The colder truly looks sweet, and I expect it
smells so, after a long winter's riding
it is a jolly summer it may last
up any moment, but I shall pretend
I don't smell anything. Bless you for it
and everything else forever Amen
This house-cleaning business seems to
give me a Religious turn. Nothing
but temporary stuff.

I wash the "light" over
the front door, myself. [It looks homid]
This morning when all was dry
we spread the great Rug
down and it looks lovely.
The side, (fireplace) the
board has to come off
that's all - This explains
why my hand trembles so
that I can't write fine.

It's joyful to have you so
near and not take 100 years
between the letters. I'm bursting
to see you and Luisa, but don't
think of such a thing at present
So I'm glad you are got
up with other matters. Howard
Hart comes today, 4 weeks
on Saturday to spend the night

On Saturday I hope to help Susan the Chambermaid.
On Tuesday, all the Fells Trays, work done
and books, also - matter Phil, for the

month of June -

Let every Bed rejoice & hear

And every fork and spoon

as the hymn says. No use my trying

any more for I perceive I am wholly

ill-gifted. At. I took out every fork for the

shelves with my own hands and Cardinal then
with the dining room, about 500 spoons. Must
dust and put them back today. Worning (Mabel's)

March 15. 1900, just out of Boston 11 am.
Bound for Thornden Syracuse, but you
had best address Watermark St.

BOSTON NEW YORK & CHICAGO SPECIAL
VESTIBULED TRAIN,
EN ROUTE BETWEEN

BOSTON NEW YORK & CHICAGO

VIA
NEW YORK CENTRAL BOSTON & ALBANY
AND LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAYS.

Oh my dears, just think of me all
lonesome in my section, and no grip
on the Drawing-Room. This is not
a through ~~train~~ car, though there's a
Raymond party in the one behind, only
a few Drovers in mine. Daisy came
down to see me off and we wept
bitter tears & think we were not both
going on to meet you. I think that when
the train stops at Syracuse, I shall
have to be lifted forcibly out of the seat,
I shall long to climb into my Beddy
Beddy "in the Sleeping Car"

Well: you will want of all things to know
that I saw the good birds at No 6. Comm.
yesterday p.m. Charles had been to the Office
all morning, and was clothed, but rather
gloomy, bored in fact; and his Cough is
still a Racker though he considers himself
out of the woods. Still he is careful.

She then is full of papers, - the Wake. Shooting and every other
human being in bed with Grippe. And you have lost Mr. Whittington
and Mrs. Dubois. And the English possessed of the group tree that
and answering a host of letters etc. I soon heard a snort from
Cissy, but you think it is strange that I soon heard a snort from
Raffles about the little one? It must have got there with the Key telling
at my late my letter must have got there with them. Are they mad and not
it was coming, what the matter with them. Are they mad and not
than you heard anything? Just fail to capture grinnings on this.
Alice Michael came to see me at No 6, she looks perfectly
stagnant in an Apple Green Not with Richard's humor, for
Confusion brilliant. She has now heard nothing from the Ruffles
Rays, and just fairly expect her Breast stone. Through a colonial
than recent being the London lecture. When that Churchill
is pale, eyes of Cornish stone, - in for a three month stay, but this
way to coming. - I had a long time at No 6. - they are all to
hundreds, - and so they have at the Pike, where I accomplished all my
quicker forward and their. But I am. I am glad to get out of Mother
my sister to wait up with a Bunch, when I get down in this car.

I didn't see Rose but she is much better. It was after I wrote that her temperature went up again, and they put her back in bed, but when I left there the doctor and nurse both said she was all right, only she must keep quiet and covered up. Little Mary is a trump and is running the establishment with good courage. The Undertaker ^{the} ~~the~~ me ^{me} Cork looks like a hero, for Charles ordered the most wonderful things for our sustenance during my illness.

Young Michael came leaping and bounding to the Thomdike after I left on Tuesday with Lucious Violets. So you may be tranquil in regard to the state of affairs at home, as I dare say the others tell you. - Meanwhile, our great Hale family - news is that Grandmother Perkins is dead at the age of ninety four. The Herald says in large letters: -

TWO MORE BEECHERS GONE

I think its rather hard on the 'old lady' that she can't even have the credit of her death all to herself. But this untidy old Thomas must die the same day, and take all the glory.

You know its hardly no recreation in watching, because the poor thing has been shut up in her room for years dead of fever and left in and out of bed and full with a storm. She has been a great care, and the doctors is good. They that you saw the other day, is like taking off your coat and throwing shoes. - Any! the one go to make with me now, or do anything, and not have to leave a plain nurse sitting up at all her usual position, & having to be comforted. I say nothing of the expense, and the reputation of the pleasant ground in the great big house. Is Edward and his wife, also so of course the family of the dead, had to be packed away from Houghton. Indicate where they were residing it was wrong, but didn't allow like she had expected. The funeral is Friday, but I don't feel called upon to say more for it. My dear little Maudie, Edward's proximity with you, and I, was hardly poor, and we have been to stay with us, but he, seems to have turned the corner now. They are all in a heap now, no account of excitement in a crowded house, the other lady & her husband.